

These hands shall never draw'em out like lightning
To blast whole Armies more.

Arcite. No *Palamon*,

Those hopes are Prisoners with us, here we are
And here the graces of our youthes must wither

Like a too-timely Spring; here age must finde us,

And which is heaviest (*Palamon*) unmarried,

The sweete embraces of a loving wife

Loden with kisses, armd with thousand Cupids

Shall never claspe our neckes, no issue know us,

No figures of our selves shall we ev'r see,

To glad our age, and like young Eagles teach'em

Boldly to gaze against bright armies, and say

Remember what your fathers were, and conquer.

The faire-eyd Maides, shall weepe our Banishments,

And in their Songs, curse ever-blinded fortune

Till thee for shame see what a wrong she has done

To youth and nature; This is all our world;

We shall know nothing here but one another,

Heare nothing but the Clocke that tels our woes.

The Vine shall grow, but we shall never see it:

Sommer shall come, and with her all delights;

But dead-cold winter must inhabite here still.

Pal. Tis too true *Arcite*. To our Theban houndes,

That shooke the aged Forrest with their ecchoes,

No more now must we halloo, no more shake

Our pointed Iavelyns, whilst the angry Swine

Flyes like a parthian quiver from our rages,

Strucke with our well-steeld Darts: All valiant uses.

(The foode, and nourishment of noble mindes.)

In us two here shall perish; we shall die

(which is the curse of honour) lastly,

Children of greife, and Ignorance.

Arc. Yet *Cosen*,

Even from the bottom of these miseries

From all that fortune can inflict upon us,

I see two comforts rysing, two meere blessings,

If the gods please, to hold here a brave patience,

And

And the enjoying of our greefes together?

Whilst *Palamon* is with me, let me perish

If I thinke this our prison.

Pal. Certainly,

Tis a maine goodnes *Cosen*, that our fortunes

Were twyn'd together; tis most true, two soules

Put in two noble Bodies, let'em suffer

The gauld of hazard, so they grow together,

Will never snucke, they must not, say they could,

A willing man dies sleeping, and all's done.

Arc. Shall we make worthy uses of this place

That all men hate so much?

Pal. How gentle *Cosen*?

Arc. Let's thinke this prison, holy sanctuary,

To keepe us from corruption of worse men,

We are young and yet desire the waies of honour,

That liberty and common Conversation

The poyson of pure spirits; might like women

Wooe us to wander from. What worthy blessing

Can be but our Imaginations

May make it ours? And heere being thus together,

We are an endles mine to one another;

We are one anothers wife, ever begetting

New birthes of love; we are father, friends, acquaintance,

We are in one another, Families,

I am your heire, and you are mine: This place

Is our Inheritance: no hard Oppressour

Dare take this from us; here with a little patience

We shall live long, and loving: No surfeits seeke us;

The hand of war hurts none here, nor the Seas

Swallow their youth: were we at liberty,

A wife might part us lawfully, or busines,

Quarrels consume us, Envy of ill men

Crave our acquaintance, I might sicken *Cosen*,

Where you should never know it, and so perish

Without your noble hand to close mine eies,

Or prayers to the gods; a thousand chaunces

Were we from hence, would seaver us.

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Pal.